

The most remarkable thing about fish stories is that they are sometimes true.

A New York woman hit a street-car conductor, which shows that downtrodden woman will finally turn.

Russia's lack of foresight in overlooking those double back action Missouri catapults is costing her dear.

Susan B. Anthony's sister has paid her taxes under protest, but that is more than some men can get to do.

The man who makes hay while the sun shines is in a position to lend money to the fellow who writes poetry about it.

Since Gov. Odell refuses to let the corporations have Niagara falls, they will have to water their stocks with something else.

Eminent defenders and opponents of the higher criticism are having a hot fight in the newspapers. Why do the heathen rage?

It is said that the horse has greater pulling strength, in proportion to its weight, than any other animal. How about the octopus.

A 16-year-old lady has secured a divorce in Chicago. With such an early start it is to be hoped that she may succeed in living it down.

The editor of the London Medical Press says that rats and mice are good eating. We understand now the reason for the unrest in China.

General Ma is said to have command of the 5,000 Chinese regulars now on the march. There's no doubt about it. Mas are always in command.

Uncle Russell Sage thinks no man ought to pay more than fifty cents for a straw hat. Well, a \$50 Panama on a fifty cent head does look a little misplaced.

The principal part of King Edward's job appears to be to visit around among his relatives and try to keep them from declaring war on one another.

Sermons are now being delivered by phonograph down in New York. But a great many prominent citizens will continue to get theirs by wireless telegraphy.

In view of the fact that the "Pilgrim's Progress" is about to be dramatized, the critics are sharpening up their pencils and a few of them are reading the book.

The thoughtful Cincinnati Enquirer says "a game of baseball is not in the nature of things a religious festival." Every office boy knows it is often in the nature of a funeral.

Perhaps the English educator who talked about the "feminized" American youth saw some of those queer things in baggy trousers, dinky coats and caps like clam shells.

The members of the W. C. T. U. won't agree that the Boston man who bought six quarts of whisky for 45 cents at an express company's unclaimed package sale was lucky.

We do not doubt the assertion of Dr. Rondthaler that in Philadelphia you think of your grandfather. The atmosphere of the place conduces to thought of those who are at rest.

Panama now talks of disbanding its army. This would seem to be an easy matter. All that is necessary is to charter an omnibus and distribute the soldiers around at their several homes.

A junkman down in Bridgeport, Conn., cut a telephone cable that contained 100 wires, and when the telephone people found it out they said something much more expressive than "Hullo!"

Bibb county, Ga., has a record of a hundred divorce cases at one term of court. The climate of the Dakotas would seem to have been instrumental in shifting the divorce center to the southeast.

Do not scoff at the Chicago woman who declares that she used to weigh 24 pounds, but has taken off seventy pounds by mental action. Many a woman has taken ten years off her age in the same way.

Mr. Otto Nordenskjold, who once tried to find the South pole, has failed to land the chair of geography in Stockholm university. The candidate's proved ignorance of exactly where the pole is doubtless told against him.

A man who signs himself "Dr. M. A. Lee, B. S. A. B. M. D." advertises in a North Dakota paper that he desires to become a member of the state legislature. He must think North Dakota is getting right up into the Massachusetts class.

"A woman should be first a home-maker," says Mrs. "Bob" Burdette, who has just declined to be a candidate for the president of the national federation of women's clubs. "That is the first article of my club creed," she adds. Lucky "Bob!"

## Hidden Gold in Mexico

Whether the report of the discovery of the Incas' treasure at Chayaltaya, Bolivia, is true or not, it is certain that the conquistadores did not get all the gold of the last Inca of Peru, nor all the gold and precious jewels of the Mexican monarch. The story is that the Incas' treasure, withheld from Pizarro and now discovered in Bolivia, is worth \$16,000,000, and that the Indians believe there is still much more hidden away. Pizarro received a great sum from the Inca whom he so cruelly treated and then killed, but in so doing he missed a greater amount, which the Inca, hoping to save his life, promised his tormentor.

In this country one sometimes hears talk of a great golden sun and other treasure hidden securely from the early Spaniards. One gentleman who has the blood of Montezuma in his veins and in whose family the traditions of the times of the conquest have been preserved, has said that probably fully \$50,000,000 worth of treasure escaped the hands of Cortes and his followers. Where is this treasure hidden? Some have said that it was thrown into Lake Texcoco, and

not many years back a company, well provided with funds, made extensive excavations in the Pedregal, near Cojocan, on a spot indicated by tradition. A series of subterranean chambers was found, but no golden sun.

Both in Mexico and Peru gold was hidden away from the greedy conquistadores by the Indians, who cherished the hope of making a successful rising against their conquerors. That hope has long died away, though much of the hatred for the race of the conquistadores remains in the breast of the aborigine.

It is quite probable that some fine day much of Montezuma's hidden treasure may be found here, by a lucky hit. Perhaps it is concealed in an idol cave in the southwestern part of the Sierra surrounding this valley, a cave of which stories have been told among the Indians. Whence has come the gold that Indians living in these mountains, so close to the city, have brought here and sold to their legal representative? There is a mystery in all this, and a greater mystery in the whereabouts of Montezuma's treasure which remains untouched.—Mexican Herald.

## Gems to Cure Ills

Many of the precious gems that are so highly valued as ornaments were once supposed to possess curative powers. The amethyst, for instance, was the stone of temperance and sobriety and was said to prevent the wearer from strong drinks and from indulging in too much sleep. Further, it was believed to quicken the wits and drive vapors from the head—altogether a most desirable gem to have about one's person. Amethysts should certainly become fashionable. Pearls were administered in cases of consumption, and, when powdered, were recommended in ten-grain doses to strengthen the heart. Besides these virtues they were believed to fortify the nerves, cure weak eyes, old age and even "a cordial to resist the plague when taken in doses of six grains in water sweetened with manna."

Amber was given to cure coughs and diseases of the head, while red coral was said to be "an excellent purifier of the blood and good for the liver." Jasper was employed by the early physicians as an astringent and a cure for epilepsy and stone. It is

probable the wonderful effects attributed to this stone were due more to the faith of the patient than to the substance itself.

The beryl was said to help "defluxions of the throat" and the sardonyx "to make men cheerful and avert melancholy." The chrysolite was reputed to ward off fevers, while the onyx, when worn around the neck, was believed to prevent epileptic fits. The opal was said to cure weak eyes, and the bloodstone was often carried by warriors to arrest bleeding from a wound.

It will be seen from this list, which might be considerably extended, that the physicians of old had in precious stones a formidable armament to combat many of the diseases flesh is heir to. Whether their modern descendants will be bold enough to try their effects remains to be seen. Who knows but we may yet hear of the specialist in nervous diseases prescribing powdered jasper for his epileptic patients, nor need we be surprised to see the "amethyst cure" advertised as the latest treatment for inebriates!

## Marvels of the Ganges

The bank of the river Ganges, says a traveler, is one of the most picturesque and imposing panoramas you can imagine. It rises from the water at a steep grade, and is covered with a series of terraces upon which have been erected towers, temples, mosques, palaces, shrines, platforms and pavilions, bathing-houses, hospices for pilgrims, khans or lodging-houses, hospitals and other structures for the accommodations of the millions of people who come here from every part of India on religious pilgrimages and other missions. These structures represent an infinite variety of architecture, from the most severe simplicity to the fantastic and grotesque. They are surmounted by domes, pinnacles, minarets, spires, towers, cupolas and canopies; they are built of stone, marble, brick and wood; they are painted in every variety of colors, sober and gay; the balconies and windows of many of them are decorated with banners, bunting in all shapes and colors, festoons of cotton and silk, garlands of flowers and various ex-

pressions of the taste and enthusiasm of the occupants or owners.

From the Sparrow Hills at Moscow one who has sufficient patience can count 555 gilded and painted domes; from the cupola of St. Peter's one may look down upon the roofs of palaces, cathedrals, columns, obelisks, arches and ruins such as can be seen in no other place; around the fire tower at Pera are spread the marvelous glories of Stamboul, the Golden Horn and other parts of Constantinople; from the citadel at Cairo you can have a bird's-eye view of one of the most typical cities of the east; from the Eiffel Tower all Paris and its suburbs may be surveyed, and there are many other striking panoramas of artificial scenery, but nothing on God's footstool equals the picture of the holy Hindu city that may be seen from the deck of a boat on the Ganges. It has often been described in detail, but it is always new and always different, and it fascinates its witnesses. There is a repulsiveness about it which few people can overcome, but it is unique and second only to the Taj Mahal of all the sights in India.

## A Real Fishing Yarn

Seeing some of your fish and bear stories in Maine woods, I must confess some of them do smell a little fishy, and for a change I will give you one founded on facts. You see it was this way: We were fishing on one of the Koswick lakes in the spring of 1893, and our catch had been enormous. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we heard a peculiar noise on the bank of the lake like tearing of roots. So we went to investigate, and on nearing the shore were surprised to find a large black bear digging up the ground to beat nine of a kind.

We lay low to watch, and what do you think he was doing? Why, he was digging worms, and after putting nice, fat angle worms on each of his forepaws he ventured out in the lake on an old sunken log, put down his forefoot in the water and actually scooped out huge trout so thick and

fast that he almost darkened the sun. After a while, thinking there was enough fish for us, we put an ounce ball in his head. Talk about fish! Great heavens! There lay trout two feet deep on which two young cubs were gorging themselves. Well, we skinned that bear and, wishing to secure the cub alive, I just threw the bearskin over me and got down on all fours, and those cubs followed me right into camp, thinking it was mother bear.

The cubs I afterward sold for \$25 each, and the hide of the mother bear, which was a very large one, brought me \$40, not too bad a day's work. Oh, yes, about those fish on the bank. Well, we went back the next day and barreled up twenty-four barrels of the best of those trout. The rest were left to rot in the sun. We put those fish in cold storage and we have some of them yet. Next.—Maine Woods.

**Early Tragedy.**  
The Assyrian maiden was in tears! "What is the matter?" asked her girl friend.

"Herbert wrote me a seven-page love letter and threw it over the garden wall. It was written on the finest terra cotta he could find. Page number three struck father, who was asleep on a bench, and now he and

Herbert are throwing my love letter back and forth with all their might, and unless a policeman comes pretty soon I don't believe I'll ever know a word of what was in it!"—Washington Star.

In conversation use some, but not too much ceremony; it teaches others to be courteous, too.—Fuller.

## FALL OF A GRIZZLY BEAR.

Without an instant's warning Tractable Beast Kills His Trainer.

Another distinct type of a zoo rogue is the beast that goes wrong owing to accidental temptation—like Shaggy, an exceedingly intelligent, tractable Rocky Mountain grizzly who reverted to savagery and turned man-killer in a twinkling, owing to the unfortunate misstep and fall of his trainer.

Shaggy was a big, handsome, gray old fellow, with a jungle-thick coat and a lumbering, awkward gait, and a funny twinkle that made him particularly adaptable for his part of clown in a remarkably trained group of fourteen bears. He had come under the hands of his teacher when but a helpless cub, had never lost his liking for carresses, and, although the mightiest beast in the collection, was least suspected of being dangerous. Once, when a striped hyena lunged to the ankle of his friend, he had run to the rescue, and cut loose right and left with his ponderous fore paws, and had bitten and torn and mangled the ugly beast to death before he could be beaten off. Among his accomplishments were that of turning admirably grotesque somersaults and the more difficult feat of balancing himself on his hind legs on a three-foot wooden sphere.

Not a scratch or a scar had his trainer to show for the years of work he had put in with the bear. And yet, without an instant's warning, this same beast attacked and injured his master so that, when rescued, he was semi-demented, and so dreadfully cut and lacerated that the surgeons decided it useless to try to save his life.—McClure's Magazine.

## FAD FOR BARVAS POTTERY.

**Oddly Constructed Utensils That Are in Current Demand.**

In the Island of Lewis, so well known to all readers of William Black's romance, is the little village of Barvas, where two old women carry on a rude pottery, for many years unknown to any but their neighbors. These, the only potters in the Scottish Highlands, have made their coarse ware for village use and must have been poorly paid, since the people are badly off, and for many a year now the crockery made in factories has been procurable even in the Isle of Lewis. But a sportsman staying in the neighborhood saw and fancied the pottery and its makers and spread its fame abroad and now the old women can scarcely supply it fast enough. Formerly only craggans, a rude sort of bowl to hold fish oil or milk, was made, but now to please tourists and visitors strange and uncouth tea services are turned out. The cups are not warranted to stand straight or the saucers to maintain their equilibrium, the teapot bulges and the sugar bowl looks tipsy, but they are queer, they are of Barvas, and so precious, the best of all they keep the old women in comfort. These dishes are made from a local clay of a smooth yellow. After being kneaded it is shaped by hand, scraped with a knife and dried for days in the sun, then fired among peats.—Springfield Republican.

## A Lucky Inspiration.

He had studied by himself, and came up for examination to college with inadequate preparation. He approached ancient history with fear and doubt, for he had had little time to stuff himself with the history of the Caesars.

The paper contained a question at which the young man looked with dismay.

"What can you say about Calligula?" He did not remember that Calligula was the worst of a long line of mad and bad Roman emperors.

But a witless inspiration came to him, of the sort that often saves the young and the ignorant. He wrote:

"The less said about Calligula, the better."

He passed.

**Love and the Light of Morning.**  
A shelter rude and a crust of bread,  
But your hand in mine on the way I tread,  
And the red blooms over the roses dead,  
And Love, and the light of morning!

**Not Ready for His Coffin.**  
Engineer Minamisawa was wounded in a sea battle, where he distinguished himself on board the Kasumi. On his arriving at Sasebo, "I was astonished to find," remarked the officer with a great deal of amusement, "three coffin-brought and to hear some one calling out: Where is the corpse of Engineer Minamisawa?" I am that corpse," I bawled in reply.

**Owns Much English Land.**  
There are a number of famous estates in England, but the man who probably owns more land than any other one inhabitant of that country is the duke of Sutherland, who is now in Canada and will make a tour throughout the British northwest. The duke is said to be the largest landholder in the British Islands, owning about 1,358,000 acres.

**The Abused Party.**  
"Is that your mule?" asked the man who was going fishing.  
"Yassir," said the colored man, who was sitting on a log by the road.  
"Does he kick?"  
"Deed, mistuh, he ain't got no cause to kick. He's gittin' his own way right along. I'm de one dat's havin' de worry an' difficulty."

## Old Uncle Ned's Moose

"Uncle Ned" Abercrombie, a noted Maine guide, who comes from the Rangeley lakes, told the following story while in Boston recently:

"Did you ever hear about me and the moose cow and calf?"

"I was up to Peavy's camp at Moose Lake—Moostlick, we call it—and one day went down the river to the dam to get a canoe. I were fetchin' it up, and just as I were goin' to beach to get out of the way of some men goin' down to mend the dam, right there on the shore stood a moose cow and a calf. She lowered her head like she wanted to charge and defend her calf. Says I to her:

"'Old gal, you've got a nice bossy and you got the longest beard I ever saw on a cow, but you ain't interferin' with me, and I ain't goin' to interfere with you.'"

"Then I started up Bartlett's Brook with the canoe, and comin' around a curve there was the cow and the calf again. Says I, 'Old gal, I'll give you all you want with my gun if you foller me any more.'"

"But she wasn't interferin' much

with me, so I didn't interfere with her. Now, Bartlett's Brook, you know, runs all criss-cross and zig-zag, like saw teeth, and comin' around three turns more there was the cow and calf again. Says I: 'Old gal, you'll shoot you.' But there wasn't no use doing that, fer she wasn't really interferin' with me. Then I went around a couple o' more turns, and there she was agin, still lowerin' her head and lookin' wicked like.

"'By gosh, old gal,' says I, 'that'll do for you. You come to me, an' I'll settle you.' But she didn't do no interferin', so I didn't either. So I went to fishin' for an hour, and after I had caught two or three hundred I come back down stream, and darned if there wasn't the calf all alone. It seems the cow wasn't after me, but after my little dog, who was in the boat, who had swum ashore while I was fishin'. That moose cow followed the dog clear into Peavy's camp, and was eatin' cold oatmeal out of a pot on the hearth when Peavy came along, and she was scared. Peavy was too surprised to shoot.

"Anyways, he didn't have a gun."

## Eugenie in Her Glory

From an article by Clara Morris in the Booklovers' Magazine we clip the following description of the Empress Eugenie, the "Empress of Sorrows," as Miss Morris quotes it from one who was connected with the American legation when Eugenie was in the height of her glory and who was permitted to escort her to her carriage on the occasion:

"She was greatly addicted to wearing all the varying tones of lavender; but one shade of mauve—a pinkish mauve—she seemed passionately fond of. She wore it that day. The sun was shining brilliantly; the air seemed full of that suppressed excitement, peculiar to Paris. The empress' gown was of a transparent stuff women call 'organdie'—a white ground with a wonderfully natural looking flower on it. Then this thin flowered stuff was worn over an under-slip of mauve silk—there seemed to be yards and yards of it; it billowed all about her and fairly filled the open landau.

"Her slender little feet rested on a cushion, and they were gleaming in

mauve silk and narrow-strapped, open sandals of black satin. From the vague, rosy purple mass of drapery the clear lines of her stately body rose; round waist, superb shoulders, queenly head, the pale blonde hair crowned with a bonnet composed entirely of violets, a great bunch of violets upon her breast; and over all a tent-like sun shade of mauve satin, flounced all over with white lace, lined with white silk; while cunningly between mauve-outside and white-inside was stretched a pink silk inner lining, so that when the sunlight struck fairly upon the parasol an evanescent, pearly-pink tint fell upon the fair face beneath it. And when the great open landau rolled swiftly toward the Bois, it was as if the carriage was full, filled with the plummy extravagance of the lilac's bloom—the poignant perfums of violets massed beneath the loosely petaled opulence of the purple fleur de luce! From this tremendous mass of perfumed bloom her lovely face smiled forth, as though the prodigality of spring had been personified in her.

## Ocean as Motive Power

A writer in the Paris Revue des Deux Mondes, M. Gaston Cadoux, has drawn a fancy picture of that happy time when London, Paris and Berlin will be lighted and warmed by electric energy derived from the sea. In those economic days, sea mills will skirt the shore; they will convert the rise and fall of the tides into electricity, which wires will conduct to the capital cities to do work, to illuminate and to warm. No more miners, we may suppose, pursuing their dangerous vocations under ground, and no more gas lights polluting the air we breathe, and smoke-laden London fogs will have ceased forever. As the moon does in a single tide, on but a short stretch of coast line, more work than all our steam engines, here is a limitless supply of energy. The idea is charming, not the least delightful part of it being the satisfaction of yoking the old satellite to our machinery and making her run our trains and drive our factories! Hitherto the least available natural source of electricity has been the sea.

Engineers find more difficulties in the way than occur to dreamers. Lord Kelvin showed, three-and-twenty years ago, says the London Telegraph, how hard it would be to get any power economically out of the rise and fall of the tides on the seashore. Ten, or in some cases a hundred, times as much might be done with a tidal river. The rise and fall of the tides between Gravesend and London would represent an enormous amount of power; but it so happens that the Thames is required for other purposes. Mr. Sutherland, in that ingenious work "Twentieth Century Inventions," calculates that the waves of the sea would yield in a few seconds as much power as a tidal force elevating and depressing the water level, say, eight feet, would do in as many hours. The infant born yesterday will be a very old man before he sees London lighted and warmed, to say nothing of other little requirements fulfilled by the power of marine tides, or currents or waves.

## Word Is a Mouthful

"What is the longest word in the world? I am not rash enough to attempt to answer that question," said a well-known author. "There is a certain Welsh name of a place which reaches me every now and then, and which I have printed more than once, which is sufficiently formidable. I believe that the patient and serious Germans have turned out some verbal monsters, and it may be that the Chinese, the Russians and other races with whose literature I am unacquainted have produced series of linked letters long drawn out which are called words. So I carefully abstain from saying what is the longest word in the world."

"But I think I may venture to suggest that there are not many words longer than one which may be found in Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon. Here is the modest trifle:

"*Lepidotemachoselactogaleokraniolepteorodrimupotrimmataphioparameoitokatakechumenokichipikossuphophatoperistelektuonoptegkphalokig-*

*oklopelelagoosiraobaletaganoptera* gon."

"I hope I have copied it correctly, but there may be a slip here and there, and life is not long enough to write it out twice, and the good printer, in whom I have the utmost confidence, may be excused if he stumbles now and then. In English it ought to have 177 letters—there or thereabouts.

"In its original Greek form the letters would not be quite so numerous, as 'ch,' 'ps' and 'ph' are represented by one letter. The word is used by Aristophanes, who was a comedian, and who therefore must have his little joke, and some of his little jokes, by the way, are not quite nice. As to its meaning, the learned lexicographers state that it is 'the name of a dish compounded of all kinds of dainties, fish, flesh, fowl and sauces.'"

"It would look well on a menu and I should like to hear a badgered waiter trying to shout it down a long-suffering tube or a gentleman who has already dined fairly well bawling it out toward the end of the banquet."

## New York at Twilight.

Eight thousand men are required to light the city of New York for twenty-four hours. The result of their work is best seen in the gloaming. Lower New York between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon of a business day puts

on its purple and diamonds. No city ever wore such diamonds or so many of them before. The silhouetted towers blaze with electric fire, while in all directions, over bridge and ferry and elevated road, radiate trailing lines of light.